

NUMBER ELEVEN WON.

WILL FARLEY'S SUDDEN RISE FROM POVERTY—A STORY WITH A FIN DE SIECLE FLAVOR.

BY WATT McDUGALL.

The clock in the store struck six as William Farley finished balancing his books. The snow was falling leisurely in big flakes and the firm's name on the glass over the door stood out in reverse letters, black against the sky. Although it was growing dark rapidly, the office was filled with the pale light that falling snow imparts even to the twilight of mid-winter.

As William rested his chin upon his hand after closing the books, he gave a few moments of his employers' time to the consideration of his own financial affairs.

His thoughts ran in this line: "I am not wondering if Wolfe & Lamb are going to give me a Christmas present. Eight years in their employ at \$18 per week have taught me the truth, that they give away nothing.

"What puzzles me is how to make that eighteen go round among a butcher, a grocer and a stern, grasping landlord and yet have enough to buy the children and Jennie each a present. A slim prospect!

"Eight years at six a week! Here am I 30 years old, with a wife and three children, and only six a week! It isn't a comforting reflection."

He was a slim, spare fellow, with a face that showed in its lines a character common enough. He was fairly handsome, with a good forehead, clear, honest eyes and a gentle-looking mouth. Had nature bestowed upon him a large nose, a little heavier jawbone, he would have been one of the men who move the world around. His clothes were well worn, out of style a couple of years and faded, but they and his linen were clean and well cared for by loving hands.

His whole deportment and air showed a man of rectitude, steady in person, but in society such a man as one would expect to find teaching a Sunday-school class or wheeling a baby carriage. When I say that he had never made an error in Wolfe & Lamb's books in eight years, that he spent his days in the office, his nights at home, and that his wife knew his every act and thought, I have summed up his character.

A slight noise caused him to raise his head. Mr. Lamb had entered the room from the firm's private room. Lamb rarely entered without slamming the door. He was a big red-headed man, with side whiskers and a voice of city richness, a sort of cotton-wool voice that almost always exhaled the aroma of a recent drink, especially on Saturdays. He was slightly embarrassed, Parlee saw, and he fumbled his chain and rubbed his chin while he sought for words.

"William," he said in a low voice, "I have a very unpleasant duty to perform, but it's my making I assure you. Mr. Wolfe—or, as you call him, a junior partner—is damned unpleasant sometimes—he wishes me to inform you that after to-day he will not need your services."

William sat staring vacantly at his employer, as if listening to a distant sound. He made no answer. Lamb went on hurriedly:

"You understand, William, I am not responsible for it. Of course, you know Wolfe has the say in these things. I have no voice at all—I must say I didn't like it."

"Is this right, Mr. Lamb?" said Parlee, slowly. "After eight years faithful and satisfactory work am I to be discharged, without any warning or reason?"

"The fact is, I believe," replied Lamb, "Wolfe wants to give your place to his nephew."

"It is cruel—cruel and heartless!" murmured William. "Oh, what will my poor wife say? What shall I do?" and as the whole terrible outlook opened before him he broke down and wept.

"He is a hard man, I must admit—perfectly heartless."

He rubbed his hands together, but his face was serene and unmovable. In fact he was performing what is known in commercial circles as "the wicked partner act." In reality, he had himself proposed this measure in view of the fact that Wolfe was a hard man willing to work for \$12 per week—and business is business. So Parlee had to go.

Lamb hurried away in another minute leaving William sitting in the dark office in a state almost of collapse.

He knew there would be no use protesting or beseeching. What the wicked partner said was final in Wolfe's office, and he was a while he gathered together his few belongings, put on his overcoat and went out into the storm. He always rode home, but to-night he dared not expose even his head and he walked with sensations different from any he had ever experienced. Already he viewed shivering wreaths with a feeling of fellowship—wreaths that were his and a horror that chilled him and made his teeth chatter.

The snow was falling in big wet flakes fast and furious. At the corner of Livingston street two men jostled him nearly off his feet. They seemed very drunk, and one of them held out to him for support a moment. After he had released himself, he noticed that a few steps he noticed that his overcoat was unbuttoned, and with a start he felt in his pocket for his money. It was gone!

With a shrill shout he turned back to pursue the drunken men. They had vanished, of course. Several people, attracted by his cry, interested themselves in the matter. They went to the corner where the men were and were treated rather lightly, but a man was detailed to work it up.

Farley reached home late, and his wife, who had been waiting for him, was nearly unbearable, read in his face disaster and ruin. Such is the effect of a dismissal to one of this class of men—who are not producers and fertile of resource—that Parlee was nearly prostrated. His wife, with a courage born of her belief in his ability and good reputation, was less disheartened, and in a few hours had somewhat cheered him, but withal it was an awful outlook.

All thoughts of Christmas were vanished of course—the problem of a bare living abated all their attention. They tried to bury their sorrow and anxiety in the consolation of religion. Incidentally William sought out several members of the church and told them his circumstances, but they had no opportunity to help him. In fact they seemed to apprehend, not unnaturally, that he might want to borrow money and were not so cordial and brotherly as trifling desire to assist him.

In the afternoon Nellie, his 7-year-old, came to him, asking:

"How many more days to Christmas, papa?"

"Two more, darling—Monday and Tuesday—and then Christmas day." He looked at his wife.

"Can't then Santa Claus bring me a big doll, won't he?" she went on, "an' a horsey for Ned, and a wabbit wot squeaks for baby?"

All these and more they had hoped to have given the children, but now—

It is hard to comprehend the agony that can come from such a little thing. To be unable to satisfy such trifling desire, to be unable to give such little things, seems insufficient to cause

real suffering in older hearts, but these parents felt more sorrow in disappointing their darlings than in all their other misfortunes. And to John Parlee the Christmas gifts were invested with more than a holiday meaning—they were things filled with a sort of sacred ceremony, with a fetish-like value, and she had a feeling of a shock, as though the solid earth had rocked, in contemplating a Christmas without a tree and presents for the children and Nellie.

"Maybe Santa Claus will not come," she said, gently, and wondered as she heard her own voice uttering such a statement.

"Way, he always comes to good children," you said. "Alas, so he had." "And I've been just the gooddest girl ever seen for ever so long."

"Maybe he been gooder 'n her, ain't I, mamma?" cried Ned, complacently. "Guess there never was such a good boy anywhere," at the same time keeping a hand over a new hole in the knee of his stocking.

Mrs. Parlee's thoughts drifted back to her own childhood; to merry hours, with each wish anticipated; to her gifts, to her festive and she sighed again. For her parents had been so kind, and in marrying William she had cut away from the brightest prospects and forfeited the affection of her family—the only home she had seen for years.

Monday morning William Parlee awoke before the winter sun. All day long he tramped the streets. The snow had turned to rain, black slush, as he trudged in a big city, ankle deep in mud and knee-deep in unsuspected spots. A cold, chilly rain fell steadily, soaking his thin clothes and chilling him to the bone.

Under the best conditions his pursuit would have been difficult—to-day it was disheartening indeed. To one more accustomed to

seeking a situation it might have been bearable. I have seen men who never seemed to mind being out of a job. They seem to enjoy seeking work. After they get a job they can't seem to rest until they are discharged. William felt ashamed and disgraced, and thus put himself at a disadvantage at the start.

He had tried every possible opening and failed at every place. He sized with a sort of envy upon the car drivers and street-cleaners, wondering what influence was needed to procure a place among them. He had found that a man with the right kind of work at any wages in a desperate hour was a drug on the market.

When night had fallen he found himself applying all sorts of places—asking for any kind of work at any wages in a desperate hour was a drug on the market.

He had eaten nothing all day, and was faint and sick at heart. He realized the terrible temptations that make men criminals, and he had almost lost his head when he thought of the money he might make if he stole a horse or a car.

He stopped and looked into the window of one of these stores. Dolly's eyes mocked him maliciously, rabbits that squeaked and pory horses seemed to move before his eyes. He felt a desire to smash the glass and seize some of them for the children. In the street fellow, whose profane vocabulary was increasing as he pushed in and out loaded with Christmas gifts.

He turned, and was confronted by Jim Lushington, a traveling salesman for Wolfe & Lamb. Jim was a tall, freshly-dressed fellow, whose eyes were fixed on the man with the intention of asking him, but promptly turned away after a quick scrutiny. He was a wretched-looking, blue-eyed fellow, and as he looked at him he felt that it was possible to be more miserable than he was at present. The thought did not cheer him, but it broke him up.

At this moment—the most desperate moment of his life—the tide turned. He was slapped heartily on the back, and a voice said: "Ah, there, Billy, picking out something for the kids?"

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THIS IS THE SPOT

TOP OF PAGE 2.

Where You Will Find

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BE SURE

You have one signed with your name and address in it. THEY ARE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

So, slightly to Jim's discomfort, he followed across the street and around the corner to where stood a big brown stone house, over the door of which a huge gilt "111" glittered.

Up the stairs they went, and Jim touched the electric button beside the door. An instant after the panel in the door opened and a colored man peered out. Seeing who it was he opened the door, admitting them to a handsome furnished hall. In an adjoining parlor several men in evening dress sat talking and smoking. Parlee gazed furtively about him. He had been in a gambling-house years before, but never in one so luxuriously equipped. The colored man looked him over curiously. William saw at once that without Jim he would never have been admitted in his present attire, but he did not feel abashed. He had such a lofty intolerance and moral contempt for the character of the place that even in his seedy and bedraggled condition he felt superior to its surroundings and held his head up proudly.

They went upstairs at once. The second floor was one long room, brilliant with chandeliers, gilded mirrors and pictures. A few good statues stood in several corners—the floor was deeply carpeted and many handsome rugs lay about. At each end was a large table surrounded by chairs, and in the middle of the room, at one side, was

William held several \$100 checks in his hand, and as the stout man span the marble, he placed one of the checks on the old one on the "second-twelve," one on the second column and a \$100 check on the figure 23. He felt the whisky mounting to his head as he counted the stacks of checks which he heard the dealer say, "Twenty-two, black and even" and Jim whisper, "Nine hundred and fifty more; great scott!" Jim and, in fact, the others had almost ceased their play while they watched Parlee's, and quite a crowd clustered around the table in suppressed excitement.

In placing his next bet similarly William by mistake put a \$100 check on thirty-three. Jim called his attention to the error, saying, "You can't bet more than ten on a number. Parlee was about to withdraw it when the dealer said, 'Let it lay there, I'll let it go that way once.'"

The words were hardly uttered before Parlee had won \$4,000 more.

Matt Whaley's blood was up. "Bet anything you please, young fellow," he said, and he bet \$100 on the number 23, and spun the marble with an extra twist.

Without a word Parlee laid \$400 on the nine and \$300 on the odd and \$300 on the red, and began counting his stacks of checks which Jim had neatly arranged. Whaley's voice had a little quaver in it as he called "nine, red and odd," for he had lost \$15,000 at a clip, and he was a big, bluff fellow, who knew, but it could not stand many such blows.

"Are you going to stop?" he asked, seeing Parlee counting the money. "You can give me \$15,000," he added nonchalantly, pushing over the checks, "if you have it about you."

"I'll just gamble with you now!" said Parlee, and he bet \$100 on the number 23, and spun the marble with an extra twist.

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"I'm sorry," began William. "Whale, you played a fair game and won, that's all. We've lost, and we can't complain."

"Are these gentlemen interested?" asked William, with some surprise. "Yes, these are my silent partners," said Whaley with a grimace. "Interested about \$30,000 apiece," he added. Parlee recognized one of them as a prominent man in Wall street, and both were evidently very solid, respectable men of business, and both very much agitated.

"Whale, professional gambler as he was, kept himself under control very well. 'Mr., what did you say your name was?' 'Ah, Mr. Parlee. We owe you over a hundred thousand. We don't have a cent more than sixty thousand in hand to-night, and we will have to ask you for a little time to arrange matters.'"

"I fear it will," one of the others answered, glancing at Whaley rather resentfully. "Suppose we arrange it in some other way," said William. "Something instead of cash payment. How about giving me—say seventy-five thousand, making me a partner on the basis of the rest that you owe me?"

"I'll suit me," answered Whaley, and the two shrewd men of business quickly assented.

So it was arranged, and the curious, wait for crowd the other room never knew why they all seemed pleased as they emerged from the office.

It was 10 o'clock when Parlee rode home in a cab with his pockets full of money, as he ascended the stairs to his cheap flat.

He was trembling in every limb and was afraid to meet his wife's eye, but she heard him on the stairs, and she had heard the cab and, of course, did not associate him with it. She came to him with a glad cry, for all night long she had been terrified with fears of what he might do. "Oh, my darling, at last you have returned, I was so

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE—"The Voodoo."

THE HAGAN—"Hail Kike."

THE HAYES—"Hail Kike."

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boldly venture in a scheme which, according to all Republican authorities, is bound to ruin him under a lower tariff.

Mr. Foster goes out of the Treasury with the reputation of a great civil service reformer. It will be as good for him as if he had made a name in finance. The Democratic victory in November has done a great work of purification among the Republican leaders. Before that event they had not so much as whispered reform of any sort.

It ought not to be necessary to place detectives near either Mr. Cleveland or President Harrison to protect them against manifest madmen such as are said to haunt the White House and lurk near the Cleveland residence. There are asylums provided for insane persons. Such cranks should be given free lodgings under restraint until their malady is cured.

It is strange that every one who wanted to get a blackmail hitch on the City Treasurer and his assistant could find out about the shortage in the office, but that not a single official, whose business it was to know all about the office, had an inkling of its condition. A confession of blank stupidity on the part of these officials would be an easy way out of the difficulty.

CIVIL ENGINEER GEN. SMITH declares that there is not a fire-proof building in Chicago. Fire-proofing substances are imperfect, metal columns melt or warp in ferocious heat, and the effect of water on heated metal and stone is very bad. It will be incumbent on the municipal authorities to put a double guard of police on the cow stables if Chicago is not to be laid in ashes again.

THE CHRISTMAS CONTEST. The popularity of the Post-Dispatch Children's Christmas Contest has made the task of counting the coupons a gigantic one. The work has progressed with the greatest possible speed compatible with accuracy, which of course is paramount to all other considerations.

A force of thirty-five men has been working night and day under the supervision of the judges, who have entire control of the matter. As the counting is done by expert bank tellers, the absolute correctness of the result is guaranteed. Although it was impossible to reach a conclusion in time for publication this afternoon the work can be completed to-night and the judges' decision, the names of the winners and contestants and all other interesting information about the contest will appear in to-morrow's SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH.

In order that there may be as little disappointment as possible among the contestants and the Christmas rewards may be distributed as widely as possible 100 consolation prizes of \$1 each will be given to losers next in order in number of coupons collected.

The prizes will be given to the winners on Monday morning. That is the earliest time on which it can be done and is the date of the legal holiday.

COUNTENANCING LAW VIOLATION. The City Council could not avoid entering impeachment proceedings against Treasurer Forrester. The tragic termination and exposure of the crookedness in his office and proof of the delinquency by subsequent examination made the proceeding against him imperative. It is a necessary wind-up of his disastrous term of office. But will the Council limit its investigation within the narrow bounds of a formal recognition of an exposed theft? Will it pass without action the conduct of other officials whose contributory negligence rendered the crime possible?

The charges upon which the Treasurer is to be tried are failure to properly discharge the duty of his office and neglect of duty. Is the Treasurer the only official who must plead guilty to these charges? The ordinances published by the Post-Dispatch as clearly make it the duty of the Comptroller to see that the accounts of the Treasurer are verified by actual count once a month at least, as they make it the duty of the Treasurer to verify them so verified. The guilt of the Treasurer in reporting his accounts all right when they were wrong, was not more manifest than the dereliction of the Comptroller in failing to ascertain whether they were right or wrong when the law expressly commands him to do so.

What answer could Comptroller Stevenson make to the questions: Did you comply with the law? Did you perform your whole duty in this matter? What answer could Auditor Brown make to the questions: Did you know that Secs. 1651 and 1656 were being violated? Did you know that the Treasurer's accounts were all right and were verified according to law? Did you do your whole duty as supervisor of the city's fiscal affairs?

The honesty of these officials may be thoroughly vindicated, but the points to be considered are the enforcement of the laws and their efficiency under them. Not long ago Collector Ziegenhals frankly admitted to the Council that he neglected and violated the laws governing his office and his offense was freely condoned. Will the Council again overlook

and thus practically endorse violations of law by officials? Will it give notice that there is no punishment, not even rebuke, for habitual disregard of laws by officials sworn to enforce them?

If official violations of the law and official neglect of duty are thus countenanced and encouraged, the laws are useless and the protection of the people from rascality is a farce.

It is recalled as something to his credit that Mr. Stevenson, when First Assistant Postmaster-General, used only his initials in signing official death warrants, and became so expert that he could turn out four-class postmasters "like chaff from a tanning mill." This is a spolia view, but it does not prevail anywhere but among politicians. Statesmen are not measured by their ability as headmen in these days. Other qualifications are more in request, for the people do not care very much about the "offices," but do care a great deal about really important matters. And, by the way, isn't it queer that so many Democrats think of Mr. Stevenson only as a headman? He is rated very high intellectually and morally, and yet these flat-terers select the least creditable of his talents for highest praise.

THE equal suffrage women of Illinois will ask the new Governor to recommend in his message the granting of suffrage to women, and Senators and Representatives are being invited to take up the cause. When Mrs. McCullough went to one legislator he looked astonished and said: "Why, I didn't know any woman wanted to vote." Another amazed statesman asked: "Are you married?" and added, "I thought only spinsters wanted to vote." The dense ignorance of the Illinois lawmakers will be very hard to overcome, no doubt, and the ladies may have to wait. It is a wonder that some member of the Legislature has not read about Mrs. Lease of Kansas, who has been mentioned as a possible legislator herself.

THE enormous expense attending a Cabinet office is said to be Senator Carlisle's chief objection to becoming one of President Cleveland's advisers. There are many social duties connected with such an official position which cost a good deal of money, but unless one is very socially inclined most of them can be performed without ruinous expense. Justice Lamar, when he was Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Garland, Attorney-General in the former Cleveland Administration, did not spend much money, and nobody thought any less of either. A little less ostentation would not come amiss in a Democratic Administration anyway.

THERE is a really interesting hangman in the State of New Jersey. His name is Van Hise and he is doubtless descended from one of the great families who came over from Holland and founded New Amsterdam. Mr. Van Hise is so devoted to his profession that he sometimes goes into court to encourage the prosecutor in a murder case, and gives unmistakable evidence of a desire to applaud when that gentleman makes a good point. He was not only on hand promptly when Hallinger was to be hanged, but he expressed an earnest desire to drop the prisoner's attorney too. Jersey is truly fortunate in the possession of an official so zealous and so ready to raise his pay.

THE fact that Mr. Vespucci's name was Albericus, and not Amerigo, has been discovered too late. If he was not the kind of a cuss handed down to us by history, nothing can be done about it now. Mr. V. was, however, a worthy navigator, and no great amount of evil will follow the error of supposing that the New World was named in his honor, instead of taking the name of the Amerigo Vesputis. We shall all look to it that Mr. Columbus is not forgotten merely because America is now Columbus.

THE strong-minded woman ought to be satisfied now. A Danish man who is making a tour of the world is mentioned in the press as the Nellie of Denmark. There can be no doubt that the tender sex is making progress when the tough sex is thus set back to come in second in the great undertaking of getting around the globe within a certain time or on a certain amount of money. We shall presently read of some prominent educator as the Susan B. Anthony of his day.

IT is asserted that the 800 men who work in the Paris sewers are as healthy as any other 800 Parisians, and that they are especially free from infectious diseases. This goes to confirm the healthfulness of the Lowell or when they are breathed on the spot. The man who would be a centenarian must put himself where he may daily inhale a sewer or breathe the health-laden atmosphere of a rendering establishment.

IT is said that the President's private secretary, Mr. Elijah W. Hallford, has now and then preached in small Indiana villages. The press should have made the fact known long ago if it is a fact. It has been a great strain on Mr. Wasmaker to carry all the true goodness in the Administration himself.

THE term fix, as applied to that part of a flag which is not the union, ought never to be used in speaking of the American flag. We do not want our national emblem to be looked upon as a striped fix.

IT is understood that Paderewski will give one concert to which none but bald-headed men will be admitted.

THERE is at least one place of safety in the world. It is the French dueling park.

WITHOUT A CHARM.

The Musical Director of the "Voodoo" Company in Trouble.

CHARLES SCHWELCKARDT SECURES A WARRANT AGAINST HIM FOR FRAUD.

The Forest Park Caterer Alleges That While Eugene Rautenberg Was in St. Louis He Advanced the Musician \$50 and Got for Security a Piano Which Was Only Rented—Police News.

Charles Schwelckardt, the saloon keeper at 406 Market street, called at the Four Courts this morning and swore to a warrant charging Eugene Rautenberg, the musical director of the "Voodoo" company now playing at the Grand Opera-house, with fraud. Schwelckardt said Rautenberg, a young married man, and in May, 1890, he lived in this city on Hickory street. He was a teacher of music, but had poor success and was in distress when he went to Schwelckardt, the latter alleges, and told him if he would lend him \$50 he would go to New York and try to make a living. Schwelckardt loaned him the money, he alleges, and took piano as security. After Rautenberg left an agent of the Estate & Camp Piano Co. called on Mr. Schwelckardt, he avers, and told him the piano had been given him as security but had only been rented and that it was the property of the piano company. Schwelckardt said nothing, but asked his time and waited an opportunity to straighten the matter out with Rautenberg. He learned last night, he states, that the musical director of the "Voodoo" company had returned to St. Louis and had loaned his money to two years ago. The warrant was issued charging Rautenberg with fraud in obtaining the money from Schwelckardt. He was arrested by Sheriff's men before he ascended the director's stand at the matinee.

In Judge Morris' Court.

Davis Calhoun was fined \$100 in the First District Police Court to-day on the charge of being an idler.

Charles Foster and Christ Cummings were sent to the Work-house to-day by Judge Morris on a charge of vagrancy.

Pat Fagot, an employee of the McAlhoun Hat Co., who was charged with refusing to give to Judge Morris a receipt for the McAlhoun Co.'s boilers yesterday, was fined \$25 by Judge Morris, but the fine was stayed. It appears that the McAlhoun Hat Co. intended shutting down to-day, and that Judge Morris would not wait until to-day before inspecting the boilers.

Shooting Between Negroes.

James Freeman, colored, of 730 Morgan street, wrote out a warrant this morning against Milton Henderson, another negro, charging him with assault to kill. Freeman works in a restaurant at 730 North Twelfth street. He stated that at about 13 o'clock last night Henderson came into the restaurant and asked for something to eat. He had no money to pay for it, and Freeman refused to give it to him. Henderson went out, he came back, Freeman states, and called him outside. Freeman went out, when he came, Henderson shot at him. Henderson was arrested by Officers Lawton and Hunt.

A Baby Found in a Vault.

An infant was found in a vault at 7 North Eighteenth street at 8:45 o'clock this morning by Police Officers Murphy and Weigel, and Lilly Burns, colored, who lives at the number. It was under suspicion of having been thrown into the vault. The woman is a widow. The attention of the police was called to her by Jane Coyne, another woman living in the same building. The woman is a widow. The attention of the police was called to her by Jane Coyne, another woman living in the same building. The woman is a widow. The attention of the police was called to her by Jane Coyne, another woman living in the same building.

Found Wet and Drunk.

Ed Fitzgerald, an employee of the Union Depot railroad was found at 2 o'clock this morning on the Levee, at the foot of Morgan street, in a dazed condition from the effects of liquor. His clothing was wet from the rain, and he was unable to give a name. He was taken to the police station and is now in custody.

Christmas Offering to the Police.

The Liggett & Meyers Tobacco Co. has sent to police headquarters a quantity of Star tobacco sufficient to give each officer on the force one pound of tobacco as a Christmas present.

Not Convinced by Utter Defeat.

Some of the prominent leaders of the Republican party assert that their organization does not propose to swerve a hair's breadth from the policy it has adopted respecting McKinleyism, but that it is going to wait to take advantage of an inevitable reaction which will set in. To give a name to consistency in this position; but it exhibits in striking manner the want of political sagacity on the part of those who take it. There are some things toward which a reaction can never set in. We are not aware that when the slaves were freed there was a reaction in favor of slavery.

Applicable to All Communities.

From the Lancaster Examiner.

Miss Salie Boyd of Wyoming traveled 110 miles at one section to catch a train. If men in this city knew the same they would be induced to walk half a square to put in nomination the solid man of Lansaster they would show a commendable interest in politics far beyond the sensational ride of Miss Salie Boyd—simply because local officers are more important to us and more directly affect us than the Presidency.

A War Measure.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

If the proposed income tax is really a war measure, as a Republican editor declares it to be, it might be excused, if it were otherwise deemed expedient, as necessary to meet the war burden of a pension list whose enormous limits are still expanding.

Dear Little Mother.

Dear little mother of Poverty Lane
Licking your baby milk sorrow and toll,
Where is the light that treasures you?
Where is that beauty no sin can assail?

DENNIS HANKS.

He Taught Abraham Lincoln to Read and Write.

Paris (Ill.) Correspondence Chicago Tribune.

Dennis F. Hanks, the early tutor and lifelong friend of the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, died at 1 o'clock this afternoon at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Nancy Schoon, in this city, aged 92 years, 5 months and 4 days. For the last three years he has made his home with his daughter in this city, and while quite feeble, he has been able to walk about the house and yard. On being asked by his daughter, Mrs. Nancy Schoon, to attend the Emancipation Day exercises at the fair grounds, and while returning home was run over by a buggy, suffering injuries from which he never rallied, and since that time has been confined to his room.

Dennis F. Hanks was born on the south fork of North's Creek, three miles south east of Hodgenville, Hardin County, Ky., May 12, 1799. His parents were natives of Virginia, and were among the first settlers in Kentucky. His father, John Hanks, was a pioneer settler in Hardin County, Ky., that Abraham Lincoln was born, and Mr. Hanks being boyhood friends with the President's father, Thomas Lincoln, father of Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Hardin County, Ky., to Spencer County, after a year's residence in Indiana his wife died, and he returned to Kentucky, where he subsequently married his second wife, Sarah Johnson, who was the mother of Dennis F. Hanks after her death.

Lincoln returned to Indiana, and was later taught the boy Abraham Lincoln to read and write. He was a member of the families of Thomas Lincoln and Dennis F. Hanks, six generations removed from the same blood, and was among the first settlers in the Sangamon River in Macon County, near the present site of Decatur. Here Mr. Hanks remained until the fall of 1831, when he removed to Coles County.

It was during the course of his father in Macon County that Abraham Lincoln left the parental roof and went out in the world to seek a living for himself. In the beginning of this struggle Mr. Hanks was his counselor and friend, and as he had ever been a member of the family, he was a prominent citizen of that place was killed. A number of the rioters were arrested, and taken to the jail. Their case looked like a hopeless one, and Dennis Hanks was called upon to help them. He was a member of the family, and was a prominent citizen of that place was killed. A number of the rioters were arrested, and taken to the jail. Their case looked like a hopeless one, and Dennis Hanks was called upon to help them.

On the way to Washington he was robbed at a point on his journey, and was taken to the White House, and, according to the white marble steps, rapped at the door, and a colored servant who responded to the knock, told him that the President was in the room. He went in, and was told that the President was in the room. He went in, and was told that the President was in the room. He went in, and was told that the President was in the room.

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QUICK MEAL
WROUGHT STEEL
RANGES.
RINGEN STOVE CO.
414 N. BROADWAY.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 23, 1892.—I wish to inform my old patrons as well as the patrons in the future of my new business. I have moved to the corner of 1st and 2nd streets, and am now doing a general business of all kinds of goods at very low prices, and oblige, yours respectfully, J. H. McCreary, Jr., cor. 1st and 2nd streets.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY (English Evangelical Lutheran). Services: Sunday, 10 a. m.; 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL—19th and Locust. Services: Sunday, 10 a. m.; 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m.

NON-SECTARIAN CHURCH, cor. Locust and 19th. Services: Sunday, 10 a. m.; 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m.

ST. MARK'S ENGLISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH. Services: Sunday, 10 a. m.; 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m.

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, N. W. cor. 11th and Locust. Services: Sunday, 10 a. m.; 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m.

SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH—Cor. Locust and 11th. Services: Sunday, 10 a. m.; 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m.

TRINITY PARK, 25th and Pine. Services: Sunday, 10 a. m.; 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m.

HEADQUARTERS Gen. Lyon Post, No. 2, Department No. 1. Services: Sunday, 10 a. m.; 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. Christmas Eve, 8 p. m. Christmas Day, 8 a. m. and 8 p. m.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE. The Trades. WANTED—Situations by an all-around mechanic, licensed engineer and electrician, whose skill and experience are appreciated. Address: Engineer, 622 N. 10th st.

WANTED—Situations by a boy 17 years old, who can learn or teach, or do any kind of work. Address: X 62, this office.

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SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

Dressmakers and Seamstresses. WANTED—Situations by dressmaker, three years' experience. No 1 reference. Address: A 46, this office.

General Housework. WANTED—Situations by a young lady for wash dishes in a restaurant. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

Help Wanted—Female. Clerks and Salesmen. WANTED—A white laundry by the day. Inquire at 2048 Locust st.

General Housework. WANTED—Situations by a girl for general housework. 1012 Morgan st.

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PERSONAL.

Advertisements under the head of "Personal" are received subject to revision or rejection entirely. The money paid for rejected advertisements will be refunded when address is given, or by calling at this office with check. Advertisements in this column are of a business nature, of two lines and over, FIFTY cents per line.

PERSONAL—South Side: Impossible to keep on foot. Address: 1012 Morgan st.

PERSONAL—Water: Thank you, my dear, for your good heart toward your sister. A. P. F. 1

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FOR RENT—ROOMS.

719 CHESTNUT ST.—Nicely furnished rooms; 2nd and 3rd floors; \$2.50 per week; suitable for 2 or 3 persons. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

913 N. 15TH ST.—Nicely furnished second-story front room; board convenient. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

1109 WASHINGTON AV.—Furnished hall-room; \$1.50 per week. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

1412 LEXINGTON AVE.—Two nicely furnished rooms; housekeeping or two guests. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

1516 CHOUTEAU AV.—Furnished room, home comfort, private family; breakfast and bath. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

1618 OLIVE ST.—Furnished for gentlemen and ladies; hot and cold bath; transients accommodated. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

1908 OLIVE ST.—Nicely furnished front room; heated; hot bath; \$3 per month. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

2322 FINE ST.—Pleasant room for 2 guests; \$2.00 per week. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

2922 OLIVE ST.—Furn. front room; heated; \$2.00 per month; gent only; board if desired. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

4143 FINNEY AV.—Four connecting rooms; first floor; with bath and laundry. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

FOR RENT—If you want the nearest room to the city for light housekeeping, call at 2820 Olive st. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

THE ERICSON. Apartments for gentlemen, with bath and laundry. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

HOTEL ROSSMORE. European; 5th and Chestnut. Elegant rooms; newly furnished. \$20, 25c and 30c. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

BOARDING. 9 S. 21ST ST.—Two handsomely furnished front rooms; board for 100. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

1118 PINE ST.—Newly furnished rooms for ladies or rooms, with or without board. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

1119-21 WASHINGTON AV.—Nicely furnished rooms; board convenient. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

1608 WASH ST.—Nicely furnished front room; \$1.50 per week. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

2633 WASHINGTON AV.—I wish to rent my room; with or without board. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

3142-44 LOCUST ST.—Two 2d-story handsomely furnished front rooms; first-class board and accommodations. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

3719 FADE AV.—Nicely furnished rooms; good board and accommodations. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

CREDIT, CREDIT, CREDIT.—We will be pleased to open an account with you and supply you with new men's and boys' clothing, ready-made or to measure; ladies' slacks, jackets or wraps, dress goods and dresses made to order, watches and jewelry on our easy time payment plan. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

LOW winter rates for boarders will be made at the Merchants' Hotel; accommodations first-class. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

FOR RENT—FLATS. 1012 Locust st.—Cheap 4-room flat on Compton st. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

FOR RENT—FLATS. 2818 Windsor pl., 8 rooms, 2d floor, in good repair; all conveniences; rent \$30. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

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WALNUT PARK.

Is where you must go on Christmas (Monday) and secure one of those beautiful lots—140 feet deep, on 60-foot streets, to 15-foot alleys. Price, \$7.00 per foot and upwards. Take Benton-Bellefontaine Electric Line on Washington avenue. Agent on ground.

T. P. BELL & BRO., 104 N. 10th.

FURNISHED HOUSES FOR RENT.

CREDIT, CREDIT, CREDIT.—We will be pleased to open an account with you and supply you with new men's and boys' clothing, ready-made or to measure; ladies' slacks, jackets or wraps, dress goods and dresses made to order, watches and jewelry on our easy time payment plan. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

IMPROVED CITY PROPERTY FOR SALE. THREE DOUBLE FLATS—Rent \$80 per month; will take vacant lots or acre tract for equity and cash consideration. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

5% INTEREST. First mortgage on real estate security. Central Trust Company. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

6% INVESTMENTS. Central Trust Company. Ad. 710 Park av. 53

WHEREVER INFLAMMATION EXISTS. POND'S EXTRACT will find and will allay it. It is invaluable for CATARRH, PILES, COLDS, SORE EYES, SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, RHEUMATISM, WOUNDS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, all HEMORRHOIDS and INFLAMMATIONS. NEVER HARMFUL. ALWAYS BENEFICIAL. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Genuine goods manufactured only by Pond's Extract Co., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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